SPECS

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contributors

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POEMS

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Photos by Kate Taylor

Ron Androla

Favorite Art Genre

Poetry

Favorite Cocktail

Manhattan

Bucket list

Snort moon dust in Alaska.



Ron Androla

the other orange

He has never been my friend. I don't
Know him, but I have heard of him
To an artistic degree of definition. Boxing
At canvas with dripping fists, paint
Elbows allowed. There is much
Fury in his Art, & exhaustion.
He's French. In the wet Paris winter.
Canvas wrapping around a boxing
Bag big as a guy hung from a chain.
Jab splats & undercut splashes & it's
A gray, foggy, methane, painful day. He's
Hurting. Like a seal he swallows prize
Oranges tossed from a jumping ape.
With such delight I have no idea
How the oranges are endless under
My hairy hands. Citrus breath & turpentine
Fragrances, released as Pyramids open.
There, there, he is my friend & he does
Not know me, never, ever, has heard of me.
The distance of an orange
From Neptune, we have eternity
& moments. Painters can be very
Creepy people. Everything depends
On wet, fanged chickens. The snow-mound wheelbarrow.
I talk around the painter. Failed flags of his bones.
I talk around black ghosts,
Green mirrors, & blood-red meaning. He
Shits slices of oranges.

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Previous Appearances

A poem forthcoming in the New England Review and an essay in A Field Guide to the Poetry of Theodore Roethke, which is due out in 2015.

Aspiring one day to be published in...

Jubilat, is really great. I'd be pretty excited to be in there. Or Conduit. I always get nudged by what I read in those journals, and I love issues of Conduit just as objects - those long pages, the texture of the paper.

Favorite Cocktail

I'm always game for a Moscow Mule, with or without the copper cup.

Favorite Culinary Experience

Pork belly on a tomatillo risotto with pickled onions and a pepper sauce at The Mint.

Favorite Poem

This, I think, changes by the week. Or day. Whatever can cut through the fog. This week, though, it's been Paul Muldoon's "Gathering Mushrooms."

Favorite Art Genre

I like paintings. Not to do them, but to look at them.

Bucket List

I try not to think that way.

Luke Brekke

the wild blue

I was a zealot breezing through the pick-and-peck zones
a venture capitalist in the arena of pure feeling

the turf a clod uncouth
sleep came in the form of a thousand white buffalo

bubbling over the western rim
like alka seltzer

last chance cigarillos
last stop to snuff your silver bullets with a bromide chaser of skim

the wild blue yonder
gone powder.

fathers of the revolution

If we had felt relatively safe and had enough gunpowder
to engineer a sunrise that lit every window
on the block, every sopping cobble, King Cotton
still would have loomed to poke our kids with his hot prod.

If I called you Powder Keg or Velvet Rose,
if your only talent was stoking a furnace of bad blood,
writing that incendiary rag; but you have many talents.
A fine inheritance, a friend in every state, or state-to-be,
the shapes of which you dream while skimming the Delaware—
they wobble with your moods. Above you, the hickories

careen with history, heavy in their branches.
The catkins blow out in soft ruptures.
I imagine weasels easing from holes in the banks,
but they may be minks. They probably are mink.

Luke Brekke

alman everett asks for directions

He found himself in a different field.
Larks unfamiliar, sky a color and condition
more familiar. Every feather resembles feathers
that have flown before. The shape of the flag
doesn't change but the arrangement, the colored fields,
the number of stars or their pattern
shift or switch places. One is in the old country
but one is new, or one grows old
as new gathers its loose material into being.
Ahoy! The coordinates are precise and useless.
The shore's relation to the sea approximate,
we have only a general sense of where the cove
opens and the horizon expands in sudden blue.
Seals bobbing in the water or were they rocks?
Did you see them? Did you feed the ducks?
The making of maps is an ancient practice
but a curved surface in three-dimensional space
entails some degree of distortion: rain smudges
the river's bank, the shape of things rounds out or flattens.
To account for the papery thrift, pink
and clinging to the rocks, try an extra wiggle.
We wake in a wilderness, compass and alidade at our hip,
the world unmeasured and dense in vegetation.
It isn't like that anymore, he thought, exploring the lagoon
at the back of the golf course. And one can't make it so
by thinking, shouldn't make it so by art,
his map showing rivers clear and nameless
while the channel backs up in a muddy clot.
Still, one could be anywhere,
light falling over the willing grass,
some dark patches near the edge of the water.

landscape: 3 a.m.

The general aspect of things may blind you.
Consider the clutter on the table, the cloud
it makes out of the singleness of particulars.
As in an ink painting, where a man and mule
wander into mist. They are a small feature
of the broad scene. Their going remains
on-going, is permanent.
I return to the moment
of their departure: the mist still has not covered
the man's calves; several birds remain caught
in the shape they were set down in. I return
to the moment of your departure and remain
caught in the shape I was set down in.
The man is going. The fog waits on the mountain.
The trail winds ahead and under a bush.
What berries there and what birds?
On the table
your pale letter forces branches and leaves
into a world and then makes a place
where they will fall. The scattered papers
and glass jars, my stamps and maps and milk.
The mist has just reached the mule's tail,
has just begun to rinse that tangle of straw and shit.

Heath Brougher

wrinkled apples

Letting yellow apples be here
each turned their own sideways
stems giving opposite directions
all at once and thrice, a center
with a brown indent, shaped
of florida, lamenting on its belly
with feet rubbing its leftward companion
—a pathetic attempt at symmetry
they are- lumped on their sides,
still uneaten, soon to spoil
and ill the house rooms
with heavy rot—then they'll be
found—each one withered with mold
in its own way—fallen—still trying
to perfect that strange stance of symmetry,
no matter how mangled.

Previous Appearances
BlazeVOX, Otoliths, Uut Poetry and Van Gogh's Ear with work forthcoming from Möbius and Carnival
Aspiring one day to be published in
Bombay Gin
Favorite Cocktail
grain alcohol through a beer-bong
Favorite Poem
"Complete Destruction" by William Carlos Williams and "Howl" by Allen Ginsberg
Favorite Art Genre
mixing philosophy and "poetry"



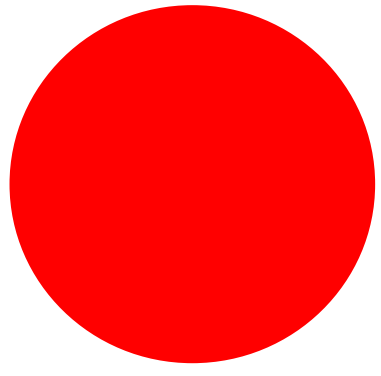
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Previous Appearances
Blazevox, Bombay Gin, Horseless Review
Aspiring one day to be published in
The Recluse, Farmers Almanac
Favorite Cocktail
Black N Tan, Earthquake, Staten Island Ferry, Amber Moon
Favorite Culinary Experience
Hot Wing Challenge, Dog 'N' Duck, Mount Pleasant, South Carolina Meat Phall, Sag Aloo, Peshwari Nan & Onion Bhaji from The Bengali Tiger, Heavitree Road, Exeter
Favorite Poem
Language Mesh - Paul Celan, Against Rome - Catullus, Sexing The Rabbit - Iain Sinclair
Favorite Art Genre
Poetry & its intrusions into ____ + ____
Bucket List
Walk The Coastline Of Britain, Sail Round Cape Horn, Visit 2 Brothers Brewery, Warrenville, Illinois

my throat soaked my teeth chalk

took
it because a’int every day get to meet
a specialist at breakfast pledged my
allergies to grass nuts dust by lunch was
toasting the old country at dinner black
damp new tech bolted onto 80s rolling
stock earned my silvery glow wolf
in the organ blunt smoke chic jaw line
bonus cave burn stereo *about worth*
the coin am writing under exceptional
circumstance to give you the opportunity to
acknowledge this is best
hale-of-spree since records began halloween-
decades-bumper-to-bumper all the way back
over red hill such energy
surplus will be perfect
when we camp out at
can’t-get-no-signal that
spot of rare measurements indeterminate
data



mipoesias

John Randolph Carter

the night is jung

Cleaners are steamed.
Balls are fried.
Mr. Penis mispronounces the word “stirrups.”

The night is Jung.
Perverts from every corner run to the center and moan.
From out of the blender comes froth.

My socks are wet.
My pants are toast.
Confusion has got me by the shorties.

“A storm is coming,” says Mr. Brain.
I zip or unzip depending on your point of view.

Previous Appearances
Verse and Verse Daily, Western Humanities Review and LIT
Aspiring one day to be published in
The New Yorker
Favorite Cocktail
The Piña Colada at Mama’s Fish House
Favorite Culinary Experience
Macadamia Nut Crusted Mahi Mahi with tropical fruit salsa, mas
purple sweet potatoes and mango-lilikoi butter sauce
Favorite Poem
“Long-Legged Fly” by William Butler Yeats
Favorite Art Genre
Dada and Surrealism
Bucket List
Create a musical and have it performed.
Create an opera and have it performed.
Create a symphony and have it performed



johnrandolphcarter.blogspot.com

John Randolph Carter

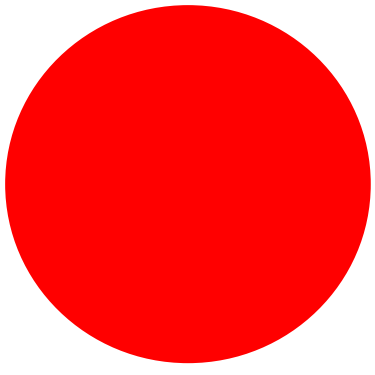
shenanigans

Persons with pensions scramble for the elevators.
Out fly little bird breasts singing lightly.
Is this a leniency exam or an exodus slump?

Carp molesters cower on street corners,
waiting to duck as rumors fly.
Big men with tight trousers walk with measured steps.

Billionaires gather in the lobby of the Ritz
for the annual Tallulah Banquet.
This is not a moonshot, but close.

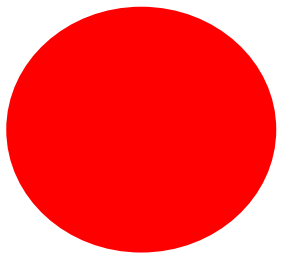
Farmers in far-flung counties have no
idea how they got there. They keep their
hands on their udders and their eyes on the milk.



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John Randolph Carter

fortunate are the few who view the moon with august longing



I

The magician is awash in guilt bubbles.
First he thinks he's a flea. Then he thinks he's a fly.
Margarine is only half the story.
The other half is pettiness laced with mischief.

II

The moronic despot eats grease balls and grimaces.
"There's only so much cabbage in the cabbage patch," he exclaims.
Just then, hundreds of grease balls come rolling down the street.
"I'm hungry, but not that hungry!" he exclaims.

III

"I'm too old to be fooling around with duck waiters,"
says the caretaker as he lowers the drawbridge and
allows the mutants to meander into the open fields.
"One day someone is going to find them beautiful."

IV

The gulf widens between the tall and the small.
Innocent loaves of bread beg to be buttered.
Breakfast is just a pale imitation of itself.

V

"There are kumquats in my boots,"
screams the Artificial Intelligence Cowboy.
"What not," his horse replies and gallops off,
leaving him in the dust.



Grace and her daughter Colleen.
Italy, October 2014

Favorite Cocktail
Believe it or not I love Bombay Gin and almond milk. Don't laugh until you try it. A good ounce of gin and almond milk in a 16 ounce glass. And if you are not sure, by that time, do it all over again. Best if you watch Stephen Colbert and Jon Stewart on TV (that makes two even drinks.)

Favorite Culinary Exerience
Well, I will be expelled from humankind by this answer.But Florence is known for its tripe. I go to Nella's Restaurant every time I am in Italy, Via Terme near the Ponte Vecchio. My father used to make it.Tripe is not known by today's generation and reviled by many but when prepared well, it is exquisite and delicate, like sweetbreads (also out of fashion.) You soak the tripe for days before cutting and cooking. Then it is cooked a long time. It is not found many places and I taste my father's kitchen when I am lucky enough to find some.

Favorite Poem
"Haberdashery." Although it is my own poem, I should apologize for liking it, but it sums up my (recently passed) husband Ken so perfectly. I now read it just to be with him. In the poem he bought the same tie twice because he liked it. How I wish I'd been better, how I wish I'd let him eat potato chips before dinner.

Worst Job Ever
My maternal grandmother opened the first Pizza restaurant in Trenton, "The Venice" started in the early part of the 20th century. Pizza was called Tomato Pie back then. When I was not quite yet a teenager, I was talked into being a waitress on a busy night and I, without training, panicked. I did take one order, fluffed it, repaired it, slammed it down, running out, leaving the 50 cent tip on the table. (a lot in those days.) My parents shook their heads, "That Grace is so high strung."

Grace Cavalieri

mechanical physics

I never knew how to put two pieces together—
Say, the garden hose, for example, its nozzle undetectable.
I flooded the new coffee pot because the sections didn't quite match.
Can you imagine how hard it was to convince myself I could do anything
With more than one panel—I didn't even try.

IKEA sent furniture in boxes, all marked # 44.
I could feel the lessons yet to learn, the escape from reason, I could feel
my human failure before UPS left the house.

Now in the lightness of the last of this day,
how do I know who will hold me at sunset?
I cannot make the alive and the dead parts come together,
as we once were.
I cannot match the seams—square the ending.

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Carlton Fisher



Previous Appearances
Assaracus, OCHO, Main Street Rag

Favorite Cocktail
Pepsi, chilled, plastic bottle

Favorite Culinary Experience
Baking lasagna for a dinner party

Aspiring one day to be published in
Translation

Favorite Poem
"34" by Patricia Smith, "How to Find Out" by Kathleen Sheeder Bonanno, "Avian Nights" by Sherman Alexi

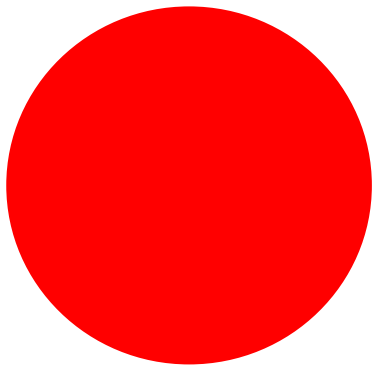
Favorite Art Genre
Film

Worst Job Ever
Car sales (lasted a month and a half, only job I ever walked out on)

Favorite Lyrics
This is almost impossible for me to answer–I used to have pages upon pages of lyric quotes in my notebooks. I'm just going to go with a favorite one from the CD nearest me: "It's harder to be friends than lovers, and you shouldn't try to mix the two. Cuz if you do it and you're still unhappy, then you know that the problem is you." Liz Phair, "Divorce Song"

Carlton Fisher

jilted bride hanging from the 18th story



Skirts of her dress
spread out like a wing span
across the cement of the building front,
her arms outstretched
as crying bridesmaids grasp her hair from the window,
she is an angel trying to leave this world
because love has left her behind.

From the streets below
she is vengeance turned inward,
the proclamation
that if he won't have her
no man will—
like the evil sorceress in old folktales
her mother once read to her before bedtime.

In those stories,
the Prince always came,
always took the princess away,
they never rode into the sunset apart.

She wants the feel of the saddle beneath her hips,
the press of leather tunic on her bodice,
the happily-ever-afters
her mother promised
when she was young and tired
and so willing to believe.

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Chris Fox

shark attack xxvi

By this point the sharks worked
behind the scenes as well,
helping the actors with their lines
and fetching coffee for everyone.
On-screen, there wasn't much left for them to do anymore.
The scariest moment in this film came
when a young girl returned home from school
to discover a shark reading her diary
(it was established in an earlier scene
that she'd been chumming the pages
with pieces of her broken heart).
What's funny is that even though
the young girl was an actress
and the "diary" a prop
with all of its pages blank,
several crew-members
–myself included–
would flip through the book between takes
when no one was looking
to see what she'd written about us.



Previous Appearances
Rosebud, Treehouse Magazine, and Paper Nautilus
Favorite Art Genre
Superflat, Surrealism, Fluxus
Favorite Cocktail
Whiskey Sour
Favorite Poem
"My Beloved", by Charles Simic
"This Morning I Fooled a Butterfly", by Michael Benedikt
Favorite Movie
Ghosthouse, Buffalo '66, Swallowtail Butterfly

Chris Fox

say anything

Rummaging around in my parents' attic over the holidays I came across my old John Cusack action figures—limited-edition promotional items from when Say Anything came out. "Lloyd Dobler" (Cusack's character in the film) didn't make for the most dynamic action figure, as you can imagine—about the only thing you could do was pose his arms straight up to hold the little boom-box that came with him. What my friends and I would sometimes do for fun was put another John Cusack up there and pretend Lloyd was a professional wrestler about to body-slam his evil twin. Maybe that was a prescient allegory for the kind of internal struggle Cusack undergoes when he picks his movie roles now. He's played a failed and/or alcoholic writer in two recent films—I could be his action figure at this point. It's like, if the 80s were band, Cusack was the charismatic lead singer. And when the 80s broke up, he embarked upon a solo career with highs and lows resembling a kind of pop-culture EKG reading. I've met three people with tattoos of John Cusack in that iconic pose—I know more must exist. I've seen Photoshopped images where he's been made to hold up protest signs, Ouija boards, and an indie band's latest album. The Lloyd Dobler on the table next to me has got his arms posed straight out like a sleepwalker or a zombie. It's a gesture that seems to say: Here, you take this. I don't want it anymore. He can't tell me what "it" is because there's no little drawstring in his back to let him speak. And that seems so sad and so strange to me, to represent something called Say Anything but have your voice taken away.

Joshua Gray

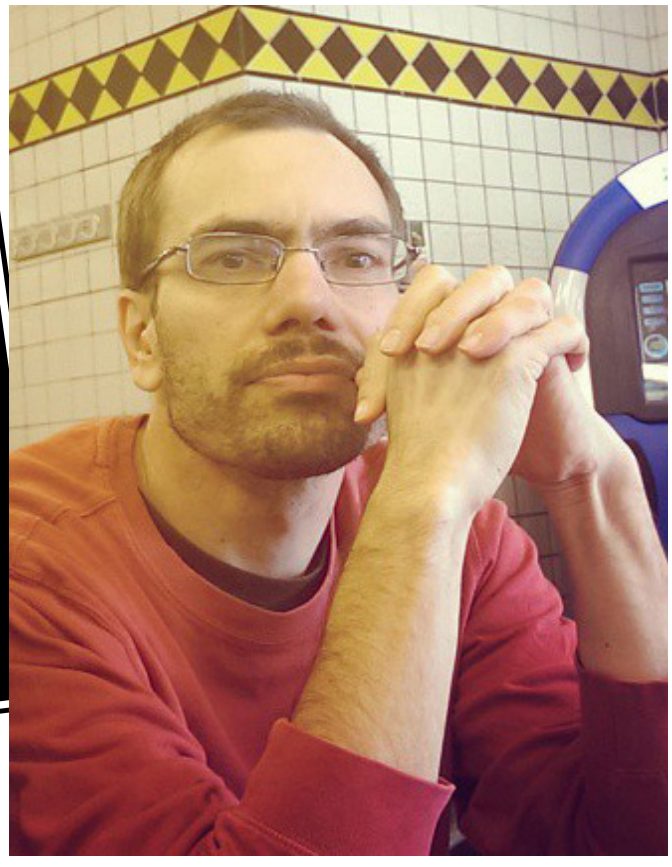
topography

Coyotes never bark
at the emerald sea, nor at the lakes
scattered within the forest.
Only topography, too erratic for beauty,
can explain why the meadow is far
too untamed to play in.
The faded earth

is blotched; melted chocolate drips
down my spine. Something has slit
these old jeans; the tear narrows
beneath my knee, while the rough deadwood
of my leg spreads new moss.

So many shades of green grow weary
in this land, so many trunks of trees remain stripped
of their age.

Previous Appearances
PoetsArtists, MiPOesias
Favorite Cocktail
Margarita on the rocks with salt
Favorite Culinary Experience
One night in Paris when I was 12 the restaurant was closing and so the waiter brought me the huge serving bowl of Chocolate Mousse to finish.
Favorite Poem
The Shell by Virginia Hamilton Adair and Buffalo Bill is Defunct by e.e. cummings



Kristin LaTour

poem in gray

The sun shining behind a thick, creamy cloud,
or maybe the hair that sprouts from the chest
of my husband or my great-aunt's chin.
Tear gas in Egypt or Iraq or Syria.
Smoke from the campfire as water hits
the embers or the ash that flecks in my hair
or its undyed roots or a tree without leaves
or the color under the plaid of my wool shirt.
The skin of the baby taken from the abandoned
house no mother in sight, no milk.
The cold water in the sink after I wash my lingerie.
Ice on the road after the storm four days ago or
the water that runs from the extinguished fire or
the baby's last breath in the winter building.
Cement sidewalks and cars washed with salt.
The gravestones carved with angels whose wings
used to be white.

Previous Appearances
Fifth Wednesday, Stone River Review, Cider Press Review
Aspiring one day to be published in...
Missouri Review, Rhino
Favorite Cocktail
Margarita
Favorite Culinary Experience
Baking pies
Favorite Poem
How about anything by Elizabeth Bishop?
Bucket List
Visit Italy, take a drawing class, and live in an old house
Favorite Art Genre
Impressionism, but more American than European



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Marie Lecrivain

rilke's almost facebook post

There was almost a poem, a post
I wanted to share with you, my friend,
Though we've never actually met. At most,
We've liked the other's thoughts as we wend
Our way through the massive data stream
Of rhetoric, feline icons, and memes
That murder grammar. But what you would deem
Normal is - to myself - the stuff of dreams
Made dark and dirty, an ugly veil
That overlays the imagination
And snuffs the spark within. And I fail,
Daily, to stay true to my vocation
As poet and devotee of The Muse,
Whose time I waste and goodwill I abuse.

Previous Appearances

Edgar Allan Poetry Journal, Poetry Salzburg Review, Orbis, A New Ulster, Flashcard Fiction, Nonbinary Review, Voluted Tales.

Aspiring one day to be published in...

I don't have aspirations, per se. If I like a particular journal at the time I read it, I send in work. If I receive a rejection, then I (re)search another journal. That's the blessing of online publishing.

Favorite Cocktail

XXX-rated (dirty) vodka martini. No olives.

Favorite Culinary Experience

Eating in France, particularly in Saint Malo, in Brittany (my family comes from there). You'll never find a better Grand Marnier crepe than in Saint Malo.

Favorite Poem

Sonnet #2 in Rainer Maria Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus," "The Story After the Story" by Marie Ponsot, "Me So Horny by J.L. Poof Daddy," by Patrick Mooney.

Bucket List

Visit the pyramids in Mexico. Take a flight in low earth orbit. Be nominated for a Pushcart Prize (for poetry. I've been previously nominated for fiction). Cultivate the stamina needed to write/complete a novel.

Favorite Art Genre

Photography. It's my go-to avocation when the muse goes on vacation.





Previous Appearances
Crab Orchard Review, Green Mountains Review, and Best New Poets 2012

Favorite Poems
“The Mystery of the Caves” by Michael Waters; “My Story in a Late Style of Fire” by Larry Levis; “Not the End of the World” by Michael Ryan

Favorite Dead Poets
Larry Levis, Hart Crane, Walt Whitman

Favorite Movie
Metropolis; Solaris (Tarkovsky’s original version); Pi (Darren Aronofsky, 1998)

Reach me at
terrylucas.com

Terry Lucas

if you are an only child

There will be nights when you say your prayers
and your mother will tell you to stop
asking for a baby brother. And you will
secretly continue to pray, thanking your childhood
God for how lucky you are, not having to share
even the sparks from your hearth, falling
onto your folded hands like the first dirt
crumbling from the shovel over her open grave.

And there will be other nights when you stand alone
beneath the black pupil of the universe, watching it grow
smaller as the flecked glow of the city tightens
its hold on the darkness, and you might hear a distant howl
rising in the blood gathered in your groin, or the silence
in the void between the stars—if you are lucky
you might hear them both as the same prayer
and answer for all that is unborn inside you.

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Terry Lucas

american-amicable life

Erected in 1910, The ALICO Building (standing for American-Amicable Life Insurance Company) was the tallest building west of the Mississippi River, and still stands as the only skyscraper in Waco, Texas.

Nineteen eighty-one. In an upper room
of the loneliest skyscraper in America,
I sit before the lens of a video camera,
red light blinking, VHS recorder purring.
I am rehearsing my life insurance sales presentation
with two other agents who are pretending
to be husband and wife at the kitchen table
of their multiple-story, mortgaged home. In a role-play
folded into the role-play, neatly
as a commission check inside the secret
pocket of my wallet, I kill off the bread winner
with a runaway bus. Then I ask Mary how
she is going to pay for Will's casket,
the one with the magnesium rebar and sealed gaskets
to prevent rust and water from seeping in,
how she is going to keep up the house payments,
send Megan and Benjamin to Baylor as planned
when the future seemed more kind.
The tape lets out a warning squeak,
reaches the end of its loop and ejects.
As the technician reloads a blank,
I look out the twenty-second floor window
at a river, not knowing its name,
not knowing its single-span suspension bridge
was inspiration for the architect to design Brooklyn's,
provide the grist for Hart Crane's vision.
I am not yet a poet, having arrived at the home office
of American Amicable Life by the road most traveled,
and so I turn back to my canned presentation.
Before I can resume, Mary raises an objection

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(which, according to my trainer,
like all objections, is only a question in disguise).
It's the one about the high premium for whole life,
how her brother-in-law says they should buy term.
Instead of explaining to Mary the mathematics,
I take her back to the scene of the accident, show her
Will lying on the pavement with no shoes, the blood
oozing from beneath his cuffed pants, spread-collar
shirt blooming like a white napkin soaking up spilled wine.
I make a powerful closing statement then simply stare
out the window again (the rule is *the first one to speak,
loses*). The fog has rolled in, glowing
from the neon ALICO sign above us, condensing
and dripping off the shoulders of the building,
transparent fingers reaching for the harp string bridge,
the bent, brown arm of the invisible river below
that years later I will learn is called *El Rio de los Brazos
de Dios—The River of the Arms of God*—embracing all
that is draining off this watershed—in time
taking even this skyscraper to its breast:
every letter, every brick, all the mortar, the flesh,
the water, the rust, this silence.

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Terry Lucas

appointment

Three a.m. First sleep
is done. I sit on my deck,
huddled around a coffee cup giving up
its small measure of heat—an agitation
water and dark beans have briefly borrowed
from the sun before passing it to palms,
cheeks, lips, gut. And I too
slowly rise and feel the fuel of my soul
drawn back into the merciless engine of the universe—
the great pistons of Ursa Major, Orion, Hercules, Cepheus
driving the gears of providence or chance or the mystery
whirling between them. I wait for something
to move, change color, blink. Not even a wink.
In the yard below, no gray aliens peer into windows,
no reptilians march up the street rank and file, laser guns
readied in scaly-toed hands. Even the town
crazy who lives next door has deserted her nude lawn
dance, black blades of grass untrampled, erect.
I close my eyes and squint, hoping. I'm no good
at meditation, but I try to focus on my breath, the bulge
in the membrane some say separates this world
from another. I only see the emptiness
of a church altar, a boy kneeling before candles,
their white, unlit wicks. My cup is nearly empty,
the coffee cold. I go inside and start over,
pour new water, twist on the yellow-spitting flame,
baptize fresh grounds, once more feel
the elixir swimming up my veins
like crazed salmon returning to the headwaters
where they hatched—those gods of writhing fire
and churning water spawning their globular clusters of red,
living stars. Their black, dilated eyespots already tracking
movement, already searching for the light.

mipoesias

Terry Lucas

afterlife for retail clothing clerks

After Dorianne Laux

Even in heaven, when they go out shopping,
they can't help it, can't stop swiping
dust from glass shelves, straightening
shirts, restacking them collar to tail, placing shoes
back into their boxes, toe to heel. Presentation
is still everything—laid out in their over-priced coffins,
racked spines and spider-veined legs reclining on white satin—
they greet you with the most pleasant expressions
sewn onto their spray-painted faces. They wait on you
patiently to pass by their caskets,
even though you say you're just looking
to the person behind you in line—
but for what? Their burled fingers
to open? Their almost non-existent muscles
to extend into one last handshake? They are done
with sipping from the water cooler
gossip, eardrums scarred from too many decibels
of rejection, having measured out their lives
break by break. They are finished
with pressing urine-stained pants, measuring fungus-
infected feet. Their eyelids are now capped,
their ankles nailed into place, deaf to cries
from shoppers, grateful to God to be off the clock—
yet they still return for the occasional, invisible shift,
standing in the windows as undead mannequins,
watching customers come through the door,
break the thin red laser beam, chime the bell
that rings in their ears for eternity.

Terry Lucas

the reading

Las Cruces, 1970. The sun is playing
the brilliant pipes of the Organ Mountains
for the full moon. I am returning
to my dormitory room from a poetry reading—my first
time to hear William Stafford, or any other world
class poet.
I listened, between each poem,
to the lecture my mother gave me when I was nine,
the night she discovered my spiral pocket notebook,
sat me down at the kitchen table, read each faded page
aloud, asked me how hard I imagined
my father had to work to buy the paper
I had wasted, what might possess
a good boy like me to do such a thing. Afterwards,
she ripped out the poems, smearing the blue lines
with her dirty dishwater hands, led me
to the bathroom, threw it all into the toilet,
made me flush.
I take the long path back home through sage
brush, salt cedar, seared sand. The sun has disappeared,
the mountains are beached whales having sung
their last song, the moon a cracked white plate
on an inky table of sky. I reach inside
my jacket pocket, feel the cool dust
cover of *Traveling Through the Dark,*
run a thumb down the spine
of my new spiral notebook, whisper
it's going to be a long night, Mother.

mipoesias

Terry Lucas

trucker's psalm

O, Peterbilt! In you will I put my trust.

Your chromed, swan hood ornament leads me.
Your Double Eagle sleeper comforts me.

Your 600 horsepower Cummins Engine will save me
from my creditors.

Though I double-clutch down Red Mountain, I will not fear,
for your air brakes and your Spicer transmission are with me.

Your air leaf suspension protects me. Your twin stacks
watch over me—pillars of smoke by day and fire by night.

Your aluminum wheels and tandem axles will carry me
four million miles from Tunisia, Normandy, Seoul, Saigon,

to Cleveland, Albuquerque, Pinckneyville, Farmington.
Even though I deadhead from L.A. to Frisco,

your 3000 gallon fuel tanks will get my load to Chicago on time.
Your double bass purr resounds in truck stop parking lots,

mipoesias

Laura McCullough

Aspiring one day to be published in

Mags that don't exist yet

Favorite Cocktail

None. If I drink, I like clear spirits. Right now, Patrone.

Favorite Poem

Today it is Galway Kinnell's "Little Sleep's Head Sprouting Hair in the Moonlight



Laura McCullough

threshold

As he offered his arm, a spider landed on mine. Not one
of the small jelly-like ones, nor one of the large, fierce,
and fast ones, both of which I fear in my belly-mind,
but one with a thin, iridescent body, so narrow,

it seemed impossible,
and its legs were delicate as the fingers
of a Flamenco guitar player's, a young one,
hair hanging over luminous eyes, large through his glasses,
the performance lights making the blue

of them beam, the whites around them
like hardboiled egg,
that firmness, unbroken, yet yielding.

And his playing,
as if his fingers had memories of their own.

mipoesias

Laura McCullough

peony

When the flower presents itself on the mountain,
at first I think, like the pearl, it is for me, but the singing
in the petals makes me hesitate to pluck it. Instead,
I put this small, pink thing, so insignificant, nacreous

and iridescent—but really just simple calcium, the stuff

of bone—into the small bowl of flower. I am dissolving now,
like a pearl in vinegar, the blossom opening before me,
the voices choraling their many petaled one-ness.

mipoesias

Laura McCullough

underwater horse

All the horses listed in the racing form
were on Lasix; they were all on Lasix
the racing form listed. The drug keeps
their lungs from drowning; The horses
run in the watery air we don't see. We
run in packs we barely define; defining
ourselves is what we do. Alone, we are
never alone; together we very often are
lonely. Betting on horse-races is never
a sure bet; the racing form lists facts
belying facts, drugs and wins, mud-fast
or slow; does she do well in the rain?
Does this one cope with pain? Shouts
loudest for the horse surging ahead
from behind, asserting muscle over
burdens, fire over water, thin dribble
of hope for the dead horses making
book in the last century stands, waving
hands as if their lives depended upon
a win, and the porous sponge of lung.

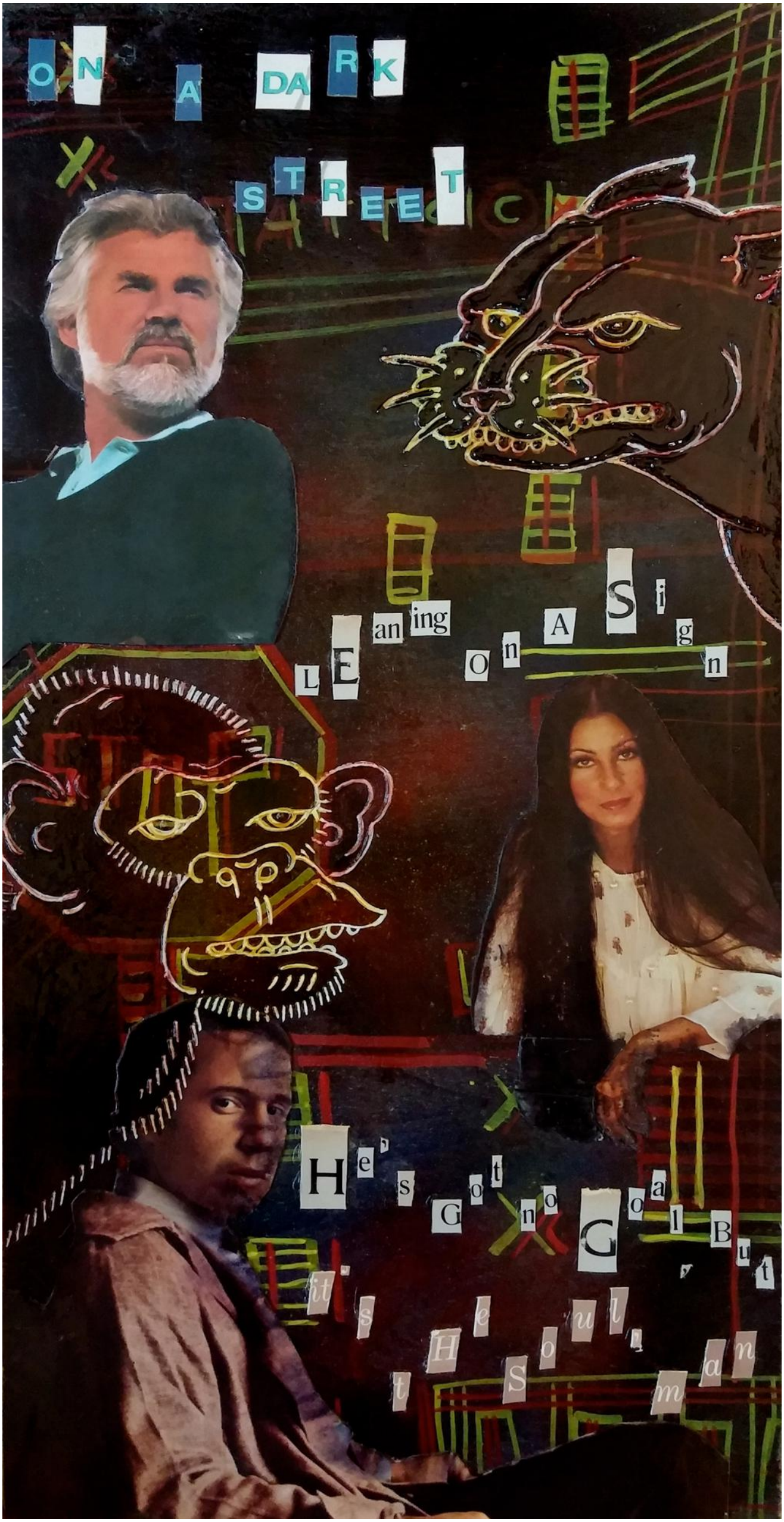
mipoesias

J.C. Menendez

Previous Appearances
Behind The Glass Fine Art Gallery and Studio
Favorite Working Artist
Thom deVita
Worst Job Ever
Sales Associate at Toys"R"Us
Favorite Art Medium
Ink
Favorite Color
Mamey



J.C. Menendez



on a dark

street

Leaning on a Sign

He's Got no Goal

But

it's the Soul man

Remastered Vinyl Album Cover

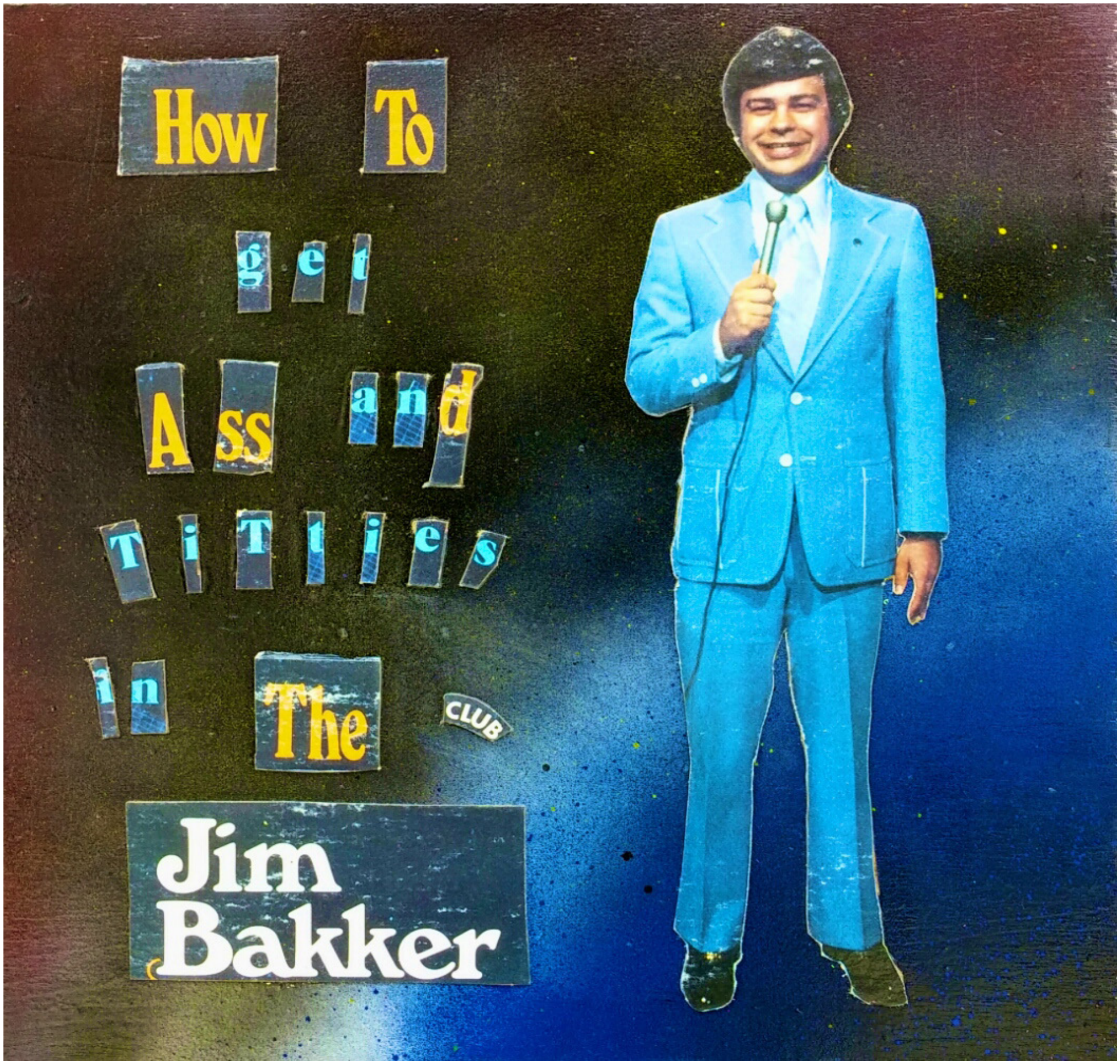
spray paint, acrylic marker, vitrail, cardboard vinyl sleeve on wood

Kenny Rogers
Eyes That See In The Dark

Chér
Greatest Hits

Paul Simon
Greatest Hits, Etc.

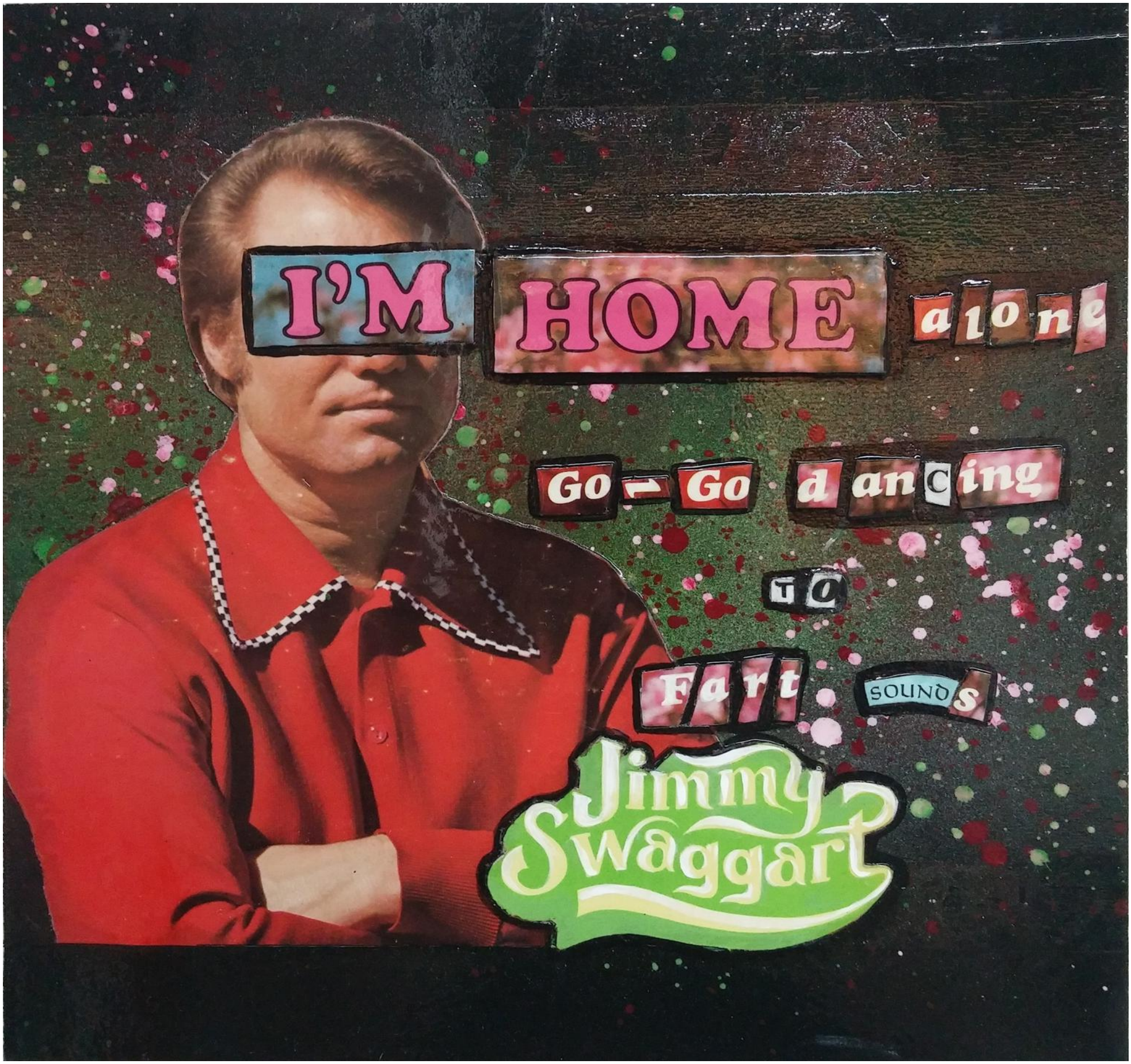
mipoesias



How To
get
Ass and
Titties
in The CLUB

Remastered Vinyl Album Cover

spray paint and cardboard vinyl sleeve on wood
Jim Bakker
How To Accomplish The Impossible
(With The Big Three Mountain Movers)



I'm HOME alone Go-Go dancing TO Fart sounds

Remastered Vinyl Album Cover
spray paint and cardboard vinyl sleeve on wood
Jimmy Swaggart
I'm Nearer Home

Nicole Rollender

Previous Appearances
Alaska Quarterly Review, Ruminate Magazine, THRUSH Poetry Journal

Aspiring one day to be published in...
Blackbird, Guernica, The Kenyon Review

Favorite Cocktail
Perrier with a twist of lime

Favorite Culinary Experience
Anything Italian, preferably in Rome, Siena or Florence

Favorite Poem
These always change, but lately, it's "Early in the Morning," Li-Young Lee; "The Glass Essay," Anne Carson; "Five Landscapes," Cole Swenson

Bucket List
Visit the Grand Canyon; walk the Appian Way in Rome; live in Italy

Favorite Art Genre
Medieval religious art, especially very early Gothic; Dutch painters of light like Vermeer; French Impressionism



www.nicolerollender.weebly.com

Nicole Rollender

passage

I recite a proverb about the birds of sadness, how long
they nest in my hair. Once, maybe, the body flirted

with the idea of flight. Now, we're earth-bound, sinew
and tendons blooming curls around the little god who speaks

between ribs. When you sleep, back pressed into a muddy
oyster bed, dream water running over dirt's transformation

to pearls (*the remake of your bones into the architecture of wings*),
your eyes roll upward into someone else's body, pelvis

whispering *safe passage*. Because the entry is also departure,
your body fragments into owls waiting in trees for mice.

The way is long, long, the road to a night village between
visera, animals shifting in a forest, their rustle a red pulse.

In the dark, there's no difference between bones and empires.
This morning from my mouth came a flock of butterflies,

their wings the shiver of whose breath? All your wandering
in me, vertebrae still shaking from the climb, I taste your fisted

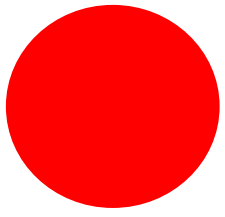
history, your felling of shadow animals, how you skinned
and burned them, leaving bruises on the inside of my skin

after you turned into mist.

mipoesias

Nicole Rollender

marked



This is a lie I used to believe: The thief
wasn't nailed to a tree to enter the city

of the saved, his palms opening
like mouths, like doors. Only after

his hands were marked did a paradise appear –
I miss your bones, he mouths. This is how

the body seems at first, impenetrable –
yet, a woman still sings ghazals

from between your ribs. Here, these women
squat away from the village, hands

pressed into dirt, the bloody clench
and release of babies crowning near long-

haired cows. Their skin unmarked, the village
says, because otherwise the children

won't be seen by the gods. Lord, I keep praying
underneath this shadow-drawn tree:

praying from a lion's yellow belly is how
I understand being watched by godlight. Bless

the dark. Bless the hole from whence we came.
Teach me to float cities, to salt and unsalt

this ancient hammer before it falls to ink-arrow-
battered chest. I'm saying make me visible.

If we carve saints who bleed into hagiographies
on our proud backs, is that enough

for our names to be written in the book
of the dead? They enter and exit my body

as smoke. Migrate the translucencies of seeing
to bone marrow, its shadow ossifying

on my spine, dangling femur, on skull. I watch
the secret face I make into my own flesh,

the way I kissed my dead grandmother's sunken
chest, the lines of her clavicle like outstretched

arms. The women who don't bear children
are held down and singed with black lines before

they return to work in the fields, skin a book
of illumination: a flame rises and thins. How

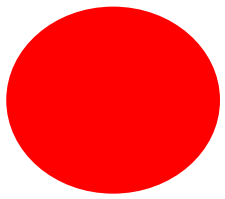
I'll never see the way my life would move
unmarked, the path in moonlight

already full of stones, already stirring.

mipoesias

Nicole Rollender

the edge



If we could be lifted from a well into first
sunlight like a baby who crowns, pauses and takes

her first strange breath of water and bitten apples,
if we could dissect our own bodies with silver

knives, untying the ligatures that bind our bones
and the lives we've led, if we could feed

on bird call and branch, considering when we falter
between this life and our other ones, a wobble

in stars' light, what exactly it is we can sacrifice –
this room, the life you wanted so you can grow

a child against your emptiness, but what
you imagined before still is here, a dog sleeping
under your table. If what we call *desolation* is really
an opening in time where nothing lasts,

where can we slip through between sitting
still in the garden and seeing into the next world?

If we eat a pear starting to turn, its sweet rot like pain
we live with and say the aftertaste is *uncleaving*,

if we say cutting a white onion is sacred,
if what we call first love is falling over chairs

in the dark, which of our lives is the real one?
Which life is the flawed glass we see

a doe through? Her eyes blur back at us
like black water, the life that floats so shortly,

the one we hum our love songs about, the one
we say of, *she died, she who doesn't die.*

Nicole Rollender

reading vallejo, on having no desires

Are you waiting for me in winter, next to an iced-
over pond, me in a red dress cutting open my belly,
how a days-dead doe exposes? Is that how you'd

like it? If you're waiting for me to turn in circles
until I fall over dizzy, well, any kind of desire
I've known doesn't arrive with a heart, and I won't

die with one. I pluck devotion's needles from
my palm, one claw at a time. I name you Sadness,
the one who slants long days, Desire's mirage of one

hand extended to repair the scars on my body's
geography: how we become that gravity. In the black
hole outside heaven, the workroom from where

God sends thirsts earthward to test the living,
or kill, I imagine He considers those who love
him, a few loose moths singeing around his flame.

The rest unravel him like a tongue, his cry passing
through the world's spine as a shudder that reminds
the trees even God can't escape himself. I've counted

wild branches for the dead to return as some other
thing, a bee's flight and then sting, a mea culpa
chanted in the chapel, even me shedding me,

loosening the body's carapace and saying I have
a new name: Winged baby of the ruins, Hands
holding eggs, Woman who wrings birds'

necks. Pray with me for the desire not to have
longings anymore, for me to cross out of my
borders. Your hand travels my body – this afternoon

lifts us out of ourselves, reminds me that no
matter how long or wildly we love, we still
need to lower our heads and drink again, again.

Nicole Rollender

the light makes my grandmother cry

Her stories still smoke up the kitchen, a dead woman
cooking peasant soup. Pigeons, lightning boiling

for the living. What kind of truth-telling do we expect
to fall off bird bones? Her death was supposed to be

a leaving, except it wasn't. Her mutterings clack on
the backs of my teeth. She's learning what dead women

do: swim the blood of their daughters, spread themselves
on ceilings like giant moths radiating light. The solstice

smells like buried treasure. Her gap-teeth swallow ashes
in the urn. The coffee grounds won't settle. She pushes

her hands up into mine, slides her ghost bones under
my skin, and watches my fingers dance the shadow-
-woman-waltz-grasping-at-spoons. She remembers
the day Pinky the poodle was nabbed from her front

yard, pretends to pet his wooled head. *That's why you
need fences to keep the dark ones out*. She uses her skull

as a pot, hissing up, *Give back the life I gave you*. The sink
runs red angry water. She tiptoes up my spine in her

old slippers, knocking on every vertebrae she sees.
It's true that the dead get younger. Some nights she's

a skinny girl waking from a bad dream, calling for
a winged mother, the saint of lost dogs, to come down

from a parapet. It's this girl I let stay, because she also
cries at the stars, whose light goes right through her,

for the dead woman she will grow up to be. That new
blaze, coming from as far away as blue stars going nova,

the lesson in the brilliant death-light: The dead learn
to smell what's sweet among all the rotting.

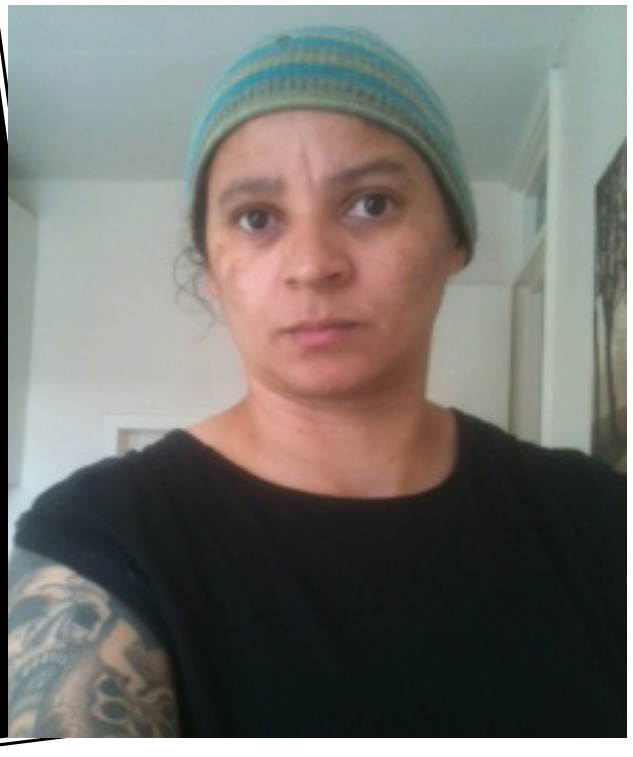
mipoesias

AM Spence

autumn
after dusk

Pitch-black with no torch,
I press my key-ring
and follow the circular-
light in front of me along
the stoney chalk-road
full of strange coloured crickets
that brightly jump
in front of the circular-
light; so I jump too,
losing grip of my key-ring.

Previous Appearances
Gold Dust Magazine, Dagdapublishingblog, Lunar Poetry
Aspiring one day to be published in
Popular Papers
Favorite Cocktail
Black Russian
Favorite Culinary Experience
American Burger
Favorite Poem
Darkness by Lord Byron
Bucket List
I'd like to watch the female UK rapper L4midable.
Cycle around France. See more of America.



mipoesias

Tim Suermondt

the nonchalance of sundays

I eat a peach.
Somewhere someone
is running for their life.
When I finish
I wrap the pit
in a napkin
and toss both away.
I wash my hands
and get on with my life.



Previous Appearances
Poetry, The Georgia Review, Prairie Schooner

Aspiring one day to be published in
The New Yorker

Favorite Cocktail
Chocolate Liqueur

Favorite Culinary Experience
Eating dinner with my wife in Paris in our rented apartment

Favorite Poem
“Gift” by Czeslaw Milosz

Bucket List
Visit Italy, take a drawing class, and live in an old house

Favorite Art Genre
Poetry, non-fiction, movies

Bucket List
Win a Pushcart and write some poems that will last and be read long after the bucket is kicked

mipoesias

Tim Suermondt

the pregnant women fall from the sky

Miraculous how they miss me, landing
in front and back and to either side.

Miraculous how they leap to their feet, looking
none the worse for wear, walking

away in a strong half-waddle in every direction.

Miraculous how they keep coming for fifteen,
twenty minutes before the falling stops.

Miraculous how I begin thinking of every girl
and boy to be as if they were mine too,

Miraculous how I've already chosen their names.

mipoesias

the god of literature

I think he's treated me well,
always trying to buck me up, frequently saying

"Don't let the bastards eviscerate you."

He knows that most people on the road
to somewhere or something will fail—

some quite badly with all their full cartload
of possessions reduced to a few trinkets,

their shoes threadbare as wasp wings.

He likes that I only carry one suitcase— thinks
I'm clever. He says I might be one to make it yet.

mipoesias

Tim Suermondt

there are a lot of angels in poetry, but I don't mind

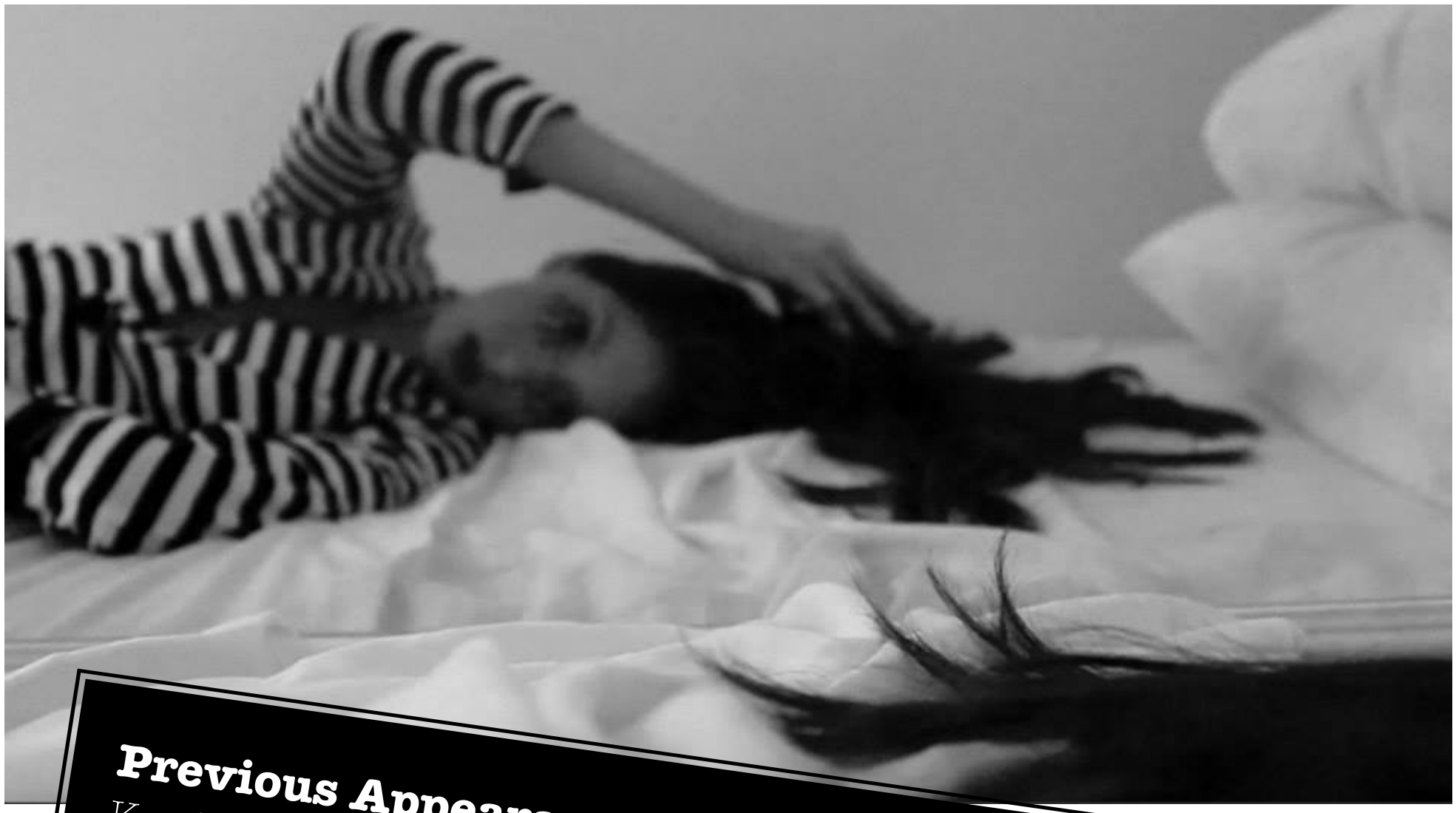
In fact, last week
at the Star Bright Diner
I had lunch with one—
a female dressed
in her satin-white robe,
her gray wings folded

neatly behind her back.
We engaged in small talk—
like friends who had run
into each other on the street.
I did mention my dislike
of the Mayor who's become

a tyrant. "When he shakes
off his mortal coil" she said,
"we'll take care of him"—
what a lovely creature.
I swung for the bill,
kissed her hand

and she flew through the roof—
graceful in her lift-off.
I strolled Times Square,
stopping to gaze at
a huge billboard of a woman
clad for danger, holding

a bottle of men's cologne.
A BIT OF HEAVEN
IN EVERY BOTTLE—
and for the briefest moment
I believed, believed
it was probably true.



Previous Appearances
Ken Taylor's chapbook "First The Trees, Now This"
Favorite Medium
I use a digital image sensor, but I love the texture and aesthetic of film, and I eventually want to work in a darkroom. Polaroid is also charming.
Favorite Art Movement
Dada, Gothic, or Cubism
Favorite Art Genre
Macro Photography. Zooming in on things we aren't able to normally see clearly and appreciating the whole for all of its small parts.
One Day I'd like to Photograph
In the Sahara Desert





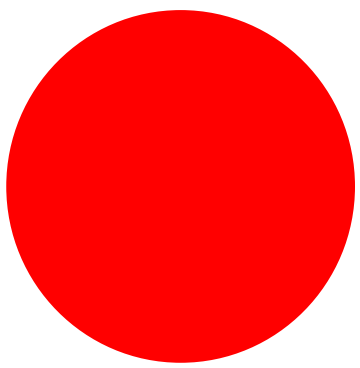
Photo by Kate Taylor

a poem for the hotel wentley

smoke signal above my shoulder higher
than eros is really your face in soft focus
finding the wheeling way to that floating
point operation. collapses of a flower airs
blue addendum to the premonitory event
within seminal channels. below the naked
eye planets a mocking bird bills overtime.
you purr: *ptolemaic system is all i know…*

adding up social impressions, you charge
me by the blimp hanger of studying itch
circuitry & set lab mice free. shape equals
pitch in the escape path lighting: generous
depth of field. ring in my ear: do you care
for spiced oil? means i love you in nanjing.

Ken Taylor



china syndrome

lefthanders & windowpane made pickups
bend around spangled antlers & archways
across snow from the million dollar cowboy
bar. & chomping on the apoplectic glowers
of lemon's chewing each scenery in a good
way got blood juddering. slush clears every
air & puts a shoulder on things. & charting
patterns of abstract wander: aching wonder

to know if keeping time in another time or
song would've been wrong or better: refrain
to *refrain from embracing*. shapes of wapiti
bedded down in icy twosomes rise. forlornly
thy name is wyoming: all her mineral rights
between this shadowing & being shanghaied.

family time signature

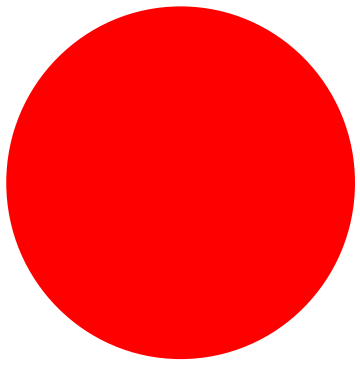
after cloud migration catches the dog
curled in a grift composition of refuge
beliming peace soon overtakes every
overstuffed chair & nostalgia themes
to fishing boats. kin knock turmeric:
crush on the *kresh* made of coal: yell
when the true freshman fumbles. we
swell in recital with close ones: no feel

in our feet & can’t stand not standing.
whatever bigger way spent fowl beget
thankfulness, mediocrity tempos these
practiced stints: guts in a world kitchen
told us so. butterbeans & horns herald
seraphim: transcending our four four.

george washington bridge

playing drums in high school band was
keeping measures of rests. magisterial
curve that swings down & then up, mies
said. the head: the changes: the bridge.
but without his violin. & bound between
bat & nightjar: sex streamed & likeness
dragged underwater before flat notes
above the palisades & wash up on NYC.

i could never fathom sunder or surface
tension like him: the head. want recall
& vacancy holding mallets & mouthing
mississsissippis: the changes. *wither do
we hasten* won't ever count in free-fall.
only numbers. taking us to the bridge.



therefore
i am i think

trees left out in the rain all summer rust:
of no count. self-evident lusting: leaves
fall because they know. we labor to push
these to persuasion experiments & recall
descartes was spellbound by cross-eyed
women. the turn out enchilada of ballet
is greater than pearl clutch over the lady
parts demographic: pile of margins spoil.

all bared at the veteran's ball, being gay
in the korean war was OK as long as you
had your foxhole buddy's back or fudging
perfect numbers foiled the giant engine.
a boding 3 owls away bounces the stylus:
doleful hyperbolic doubt loops in rounds.

Ken Taylor

Previous Appearances
VOLT, 3:AM Magazine, Berfrois, The Offending Adam, Cloud Rodeo, PoetsArtists, OCHO, others

Favorite Cocktail
Midleton Very Rare Irish Whiskey on 2 cubes of ice.

Favorite Culinary Experience
Grilling at home





Favorite Working Artist
Jenny Saville; Marlene Dumas; David Hockney; Dana Schutz

Favorite Art Movement
Fauvism, Expressionism, Precisionist

Worst Job Ever
I was a movie extra and they wanted me to do a scene in a dressing room where I took off my shirt and screamed when a man (Ryan O'Neal) entered. I didn't like it. Predictably enough. And it didn't go very well.

Appeared In
Brooklyn Museum's Elizabeth A. Sackler online Feminist Art Base; The Tullman Collection; CALIFORNIA DREAMING PORTRAIT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Curated by Daniel Foster of OMA, Drew Oberjuerge of RAM, and Los Angeles-based art critic/curator Peter Frank
• Palazzo della Provincia di Frosinone, Frosinone, Italy October 4 – 28, 2014

Soon
• Oceanside Museum of Art, Oceanside CA December 6, 2014 – March 29, 2015
• Riverside Art Museum, Riverside, CA April 21 – July 5, 2015

detitle@daenatitle.com



Liquid Anna by Daena Title

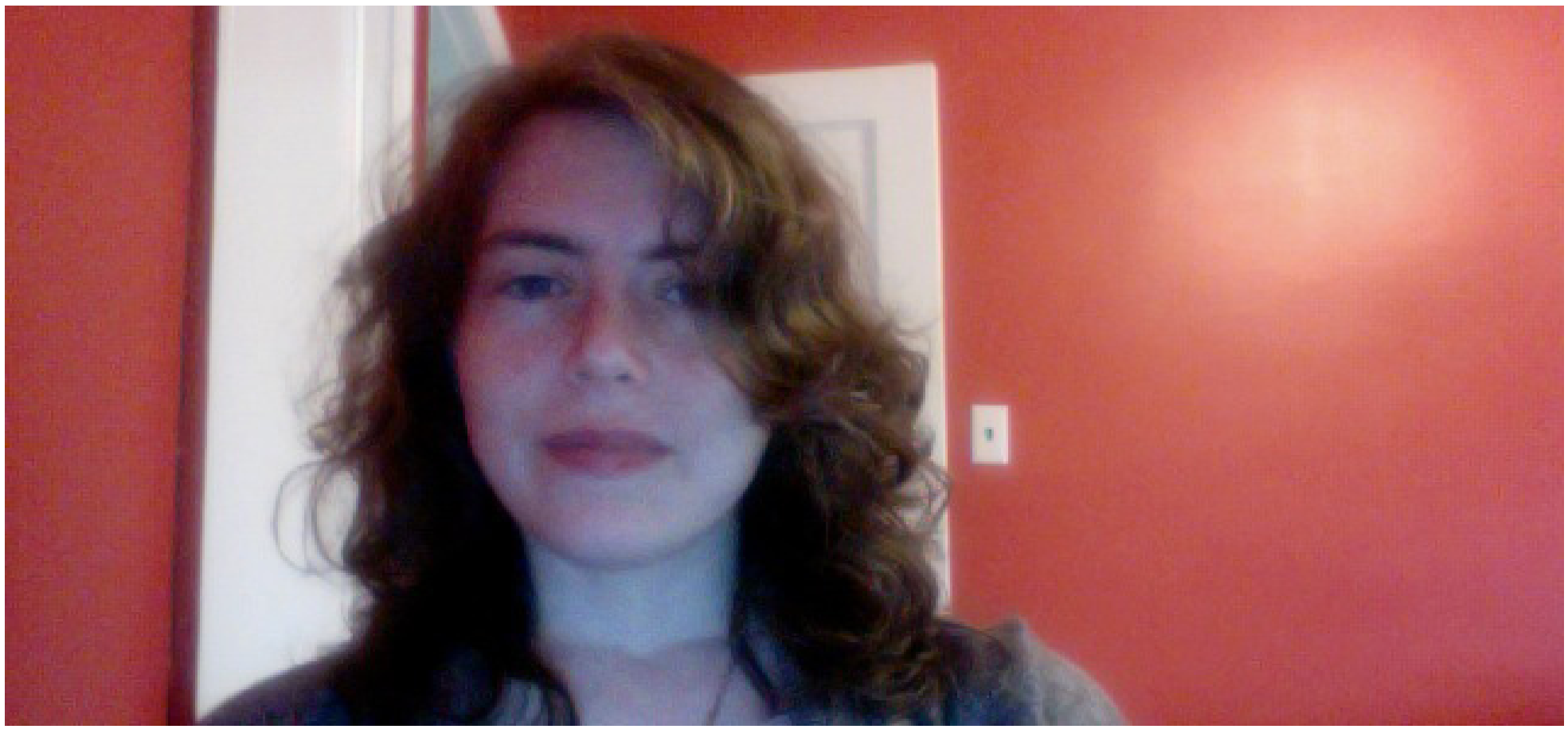


Broken Dreams by Daena Title

MiPOesias has three poetry editors; Sarah Blake, Emma Trelles, Didi Menendez and our special guest editor, Nin Andrews. Each has a different submission call and vision for their issues. Please take a few moments to **shop** each call in place. Select the one which best suits your work and submit by stopping by mipoesias.com unless otherwise noted. Please avoid sending simultaneous submissions. We do not offer complimentary print copies. We are only seeking new work. The issues will be available in digital format unless otherwise stated.

sarah blake

MARCH 2015



Submission Call
I like poetry that's important. Beautiful is not enough. Clever is not enough. I like poetry that reminds me that we're complicated. Poetry that's innovative, earnest, driven, aware, it stays with us. And I think all schools of poetry can accomplish the best of what poetry can offer. I'm excited to read your work.

Favorite Magazines/Journals
The Los Angeles Review of Books, Boston Review

Favorite Dead Poets
Muriel Rukeyser, Walt Whitman

Favorite Working Poets
Rachel Zucker, Claudia Rankine

Appeared In
Field, The Threepenny Review

Books and Chapbooks by Me:
Mr. West

My issue will be available in
Digital format and free to the general public to view the full issue online. Must register or download apps to do so.

If your work is accepted
I will be asking for a bio, high resolution photos, and a recording of at least one accepted piece in mp3.

Submission Call
I like poetry that surprises me, poetry that wakes me up and makes me fall in love or believe again. Or laugh out loud. I like to feel it in my blood, my bones, my heart. It's not the style; it's the magic that matters to me. Because poets, I believe, are magicians. I don't want to know how their acts are performed. Nor do I want to see the same old tricks, again and again. I want to feel as if I am being hypnotized, cut in half, seduced, frozen in ice, buried alive, levitated, entertained. Send me poems that moved you to write, that made you feel as if the top of your head was being taken off, even as you composed them. Send from three to five poems and a brief bio in a single .doc file. Place on the subject line MIPO SUB. <**Email>**

Favorite Poem
"Black Stone on a White Stone" and "To My Brother Miguel in Memoriam" by Cesar Vallejo and "The Third One" by Yannis Ritsos

Appeared In
Poets/Artists, Plume, Green Mountain Review, Best American Poetry

Favorite Short Story
"The Petrified Man" by Eudora Welty

Favorite Art Genre
Cross-genres, cross-dressers, any art form that breaks out of the familiar genre boundaries like a curvy ballerina

Favorite Dead Poet
Henri Michaux

Favorite Working Poets
It's hard to pick favorites. I love Denise Duhamel, Tim Seibles, Amy Gerstler, Claire Bateman, Rick Bursky, David Lehman, Gary Young, and many others.

My issue will be available in
Digital format with in app purchase and print-on-demand

If your work is accepted
I will be asking for answers to prompt questions, new photos and possibly a few other surprises.

nin andrews

MAY 2015



Books and chapbooks by me
Spontaneous Breasts, The Book of Orgasms, Why They Grow Wings, Any Kind of Excuse, The Book of Orgasms and Other Tales, Midlife Crisis with Dick and Jane, Sleeping with Houdini,Dear Professor, Do You Live in a Vacuum, Southern Comfort, The Secret Lives of Mannequins, The Circus of Lost Dreams, Why God Is a Woman

emma trelles

JULY & OCTOBER 2015



Submission Call
I read widely & admire all kinds of poetic styles. I'm looking for poems that prize the unexpected & spurn cliches. Language & thinking assembled in startling ways. Passion. Courage. The careful use of modifiers. Send up to five poems in one .doc in 12 point Times New Roman, with titles and bio in the body of your email. Send me your best work.

Favorite Magazines/Journals
Poetry, Rhino, Blackbird, Pilgrimage, Jezebel

Appeared In
PoetsArtists, Best American Poetry, others...

Just finished
Tomas Transtromer, Matthew Zapruder, Richard Blanco

Books and Chapbooks by Me
Tropicalia, Little Spells

My issue will be available as
Print-onDemand and Digital format with in app purchase.

If your work is accepted
I'll ask for a hi-res author photo and possibly an mp3 recording of one of your poems.

didi menendez

DECEMBER 2015

Submission Call

I am looking for poems which will grab my attention from the first line. Poems which will paint an abstract with words. Poems which will place me inside the lines and trigger color, space and time. I do not like poems with formats where my attention span needs to go all around the page to understand it. Send left aligned poems. Although, if you are a visual poet, you may send me images instead. I like visual poems very much. Please note that I do not send rejection notices.

Favorite Magazines/Journals

Vanity Fair, Esquire, GQ

Favorite Dead Poet

Frank O'Hara

Favorite Working Poets

Bob Hicok, Nin Andrews, Terrance Hayes, Denise Duhamel, Emma Trelles, Sarah Blake, Matthew Hittinger, many others

Appeared In

3AM, 42 OPUS, No Tell Motel, Gargoyle 54, Lamination Colony

Favorite Music

Classic Rock, Disco, Gershwin, Bolero, Lecuona

Books and Chapbooks by Me

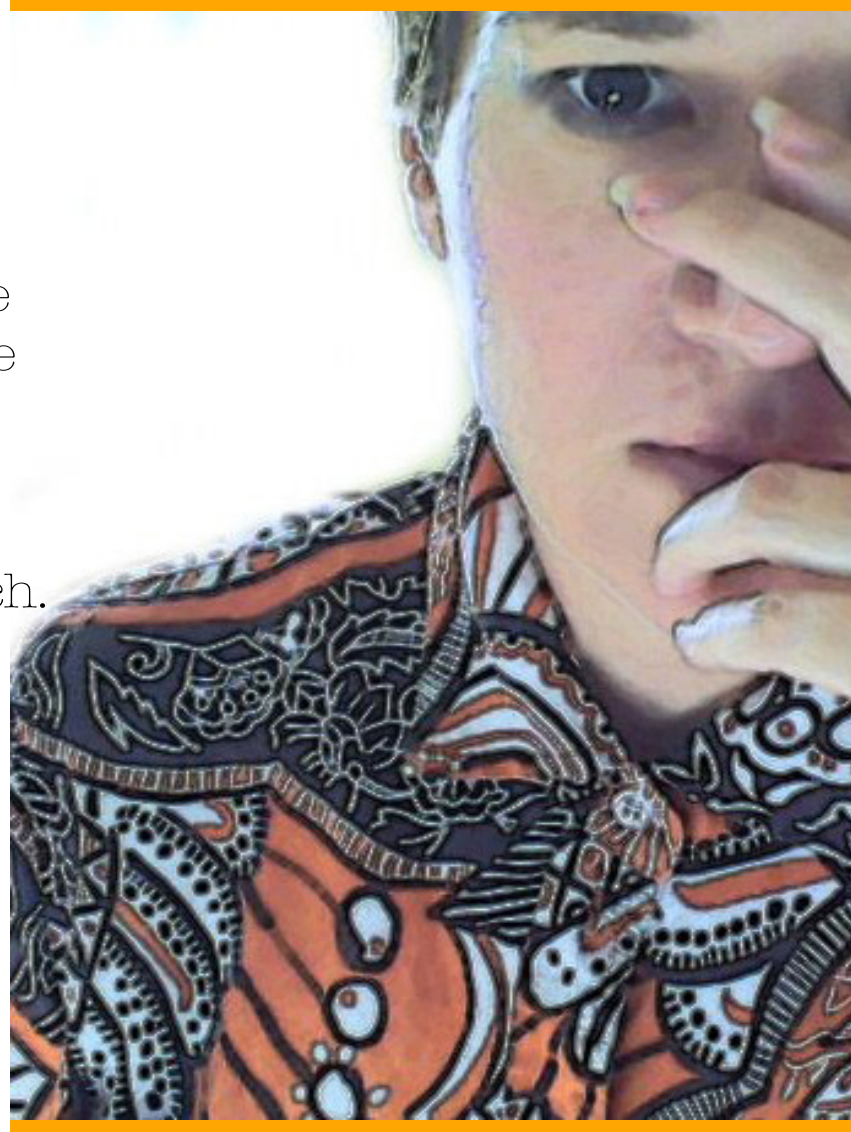
When I Said Goodbye, For Love of an Armadillo, The Lizard Catcher

My issue will be available in

Digital format with in app purchase.

If your work is accepted

I will be asking for all sort of weird stuff you are not usually asked for from a poetry editor.



Reading Time-Frame
Fall of 2015
Stay tuned....

mipoesias



Seeing Red (Selfie of Heath Brougher)

www.mipoesias.com

Prepared by MagCloud for Didi Menendez. Get more at goss183.magcloud.com.